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FASHION.

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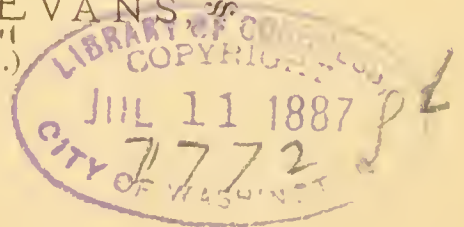
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‡ OTHER ‡ POEMS ‡

* BY *

52
MR. ALEXANDER EVANS, JR.

(PERGY PENTON.)



++ LOUISVILLE, KY., ++

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❖ GENERAL ❖❖❖ PREFACE. ❖

The kind reception given to my first publication, by my friends and acquaintances, and especially by the Masonic Fraternity, induces me to offer another volume for their patronage.

Although I do not pretend to reach the sublime in the divine art, yet I believe that my humble and unpretending productions will entertain those who have a leisure moment to spare from the cares of their profession.

If I have embalmed the memory of the dead, succeeded in painting some of the follies of the age, and touched the human heart with the nobler impulses which should ornament the soul, I shall feel myself fully repaid for the labor which I have undergone.

ALEXANDER EVANS.

❖ PREFACE ❖ TO ❖ FASHION. ❖

I trust that my motives for writing Fashion may not be impugned.

The crudities that appear in society, and in which the actors expose themselves to the public, are free targets at which an author may point and discharge his artillery of satire. A sportsman sends his shot into a flock of birds without aiming at any particular one. In this piece I have endeavored to hit the vices and the follies of certain classes, without aiming at a single individual, to maintain the dignity of labor, frown upon false aristocracy, closing with the symmetry, harmony and beauty of nature as exhibited by the first Divine Cause.

FASHION.

When Fashion's Queen the realms of fancy sway'd,
And mortals bow'd obedience to the maid;
When first the banner of the tyrant queen
Amid the air of social life was seen,
All knelt before its folds of dazzling light,
And worshiped folly in its giddy flight.
First woman wore that dress that nature gave,
And now to modes she is an abject slave;
Her hair in golden tresses flow'd at ease,
Inviting kisses from each passing breeze;
Now ribbons, hemp and combs and silver darts
Of stylish head-dress are component parts;
Wild fashion flows as sure as ocean's tide,
Woos the weak mind and bolsters up false pride;
When man was launch'd upon life's varying wave,
To sail through time down to the humbling grave,
In cave, or hut, or under spreading tree,
In ignorance dwelt the tribes, both wild and free;
Now stately mansions yield a covert warm,
To shield from heat, from hail and pelting storm;

One year beholds a revolution rise
And bear its sway throughout queen fashion's skies;
Another year the petted monster dies,
And at the feet of new-born fashion lies.
Hail! Fashion's Muse! the bard with unknown lyre
Would light the embers of your sleeping fire—
Show nymphs in gowns of finest silk array'd
The modest vestures of the waiting maid;
The tawring head-dress, made of hemp or flax,
The face enamelled and the teeth of wax;
Or, if with human hair the head should shine,
It does not make the owner's head divine;
Some thief of France, some grisette, sold the fleece,
Or else it came from easy nymph of Greece.
High in the rear the tuck'd up polonaise
Attracts the Fourth-street rowdy's eager gaze,
With velvet streamers waving in the wind,
And amorous train comes sweeping on behind.
The present style throws former modes in shade,
But dress tells not the virtuous or the jade;
On jutting gown, with pannier neatly hung,
A little bird might rear her brood of young.

Why so deformed? The tyrant fashion's law,
With monthly modes, no maid will pick a flaw,
But how supreme to fashion's tidal swell,
And follow modes, though leading strait to hell.
The tyrant fashion wields a despot's sway,
The purse depletes and dims proud reason's ray;
How oft the father, moderate in his purse,
In secret, brings his soul his child to curse;
The child, unthoughted, seeks in silks to shine,
On velvet ottomans in ease recline;
The rosy path of pleasure is her doom,
Whilst he is toiling in his counting room;
To all the arts a household wife should know,
She turns, disgusted, at the plebeian show;
With her 'twill be all sunshine, never shade;
Why should she know how pie or tart is made?
Her beauty is her fortune, that will win
Some wealthy lord to take her without tin.
Commercial whirlwind, fiercely marching on,
Sweeps o'er the land; her father's means are gone;
From palace to a cot they move at last,
Mourning the chill of fortune's bitter blast;

Oh, if true love could follow such a doom,
That love would waft us to the closing tomb;
But pride revolts; the haughty maiden's mind
Spurns the low toil—throws labor to the wind;
So charm'd with dress, the trappings of the vain,
She treats all humble beaux with high disdain;
That eager thirst for dress she still retains—
Have it she will at any cost or pains;
The syren tempter gives the gold to buy
The cashmere shawl and robes of Tyrian dye;
Oh, draw the veil; oh, cast a darkened shade,
Gold is triumphant, maid no longer maid!
When Eve awoke in smiling Eden-bower,
Created by God's own Almighty power,
One glorious day in life immortal reigns,
The next she feels the sting of mortal pains;
The crown is lost, by Allah to her given,
Her Maker's love, her hopes of earthly heaven;
All bathed in tears she leaves the blest abode,
To seek new paths in mortal's sinful road;
Thus naked through the world she vainly flies,
To hide her shame from God's far-seeing eyes;

The fig leaves yield a covering for her form,
To shield her from the sun and beating storm.
But change is stamp'd upon each century's page,
And revolutions roll from age to age;
One realm a titled heraldry maintains—
Years roll by, 'tis swept from memory's plains;
A kingdom now, republics rise and fall,
The Christian's God-like armor conquers all;
Anon the cross, with all its heavenly light,
Sinks into darkness, darker than the night;
The Moslems in their glory, sun-like rise,
And spread their faith throughout the eastern skies.
Arabian cities yield to fiercest war
And dread Mahomet's ever-conquering car;
Swift revolutions roll, the light divine
Again illumes the cross—the hallowed shrine;
Now reigns the age of chivalry the boast,
Another cycle and the fire is lost.
Here in the West where Utah spreads her plains,
Tall mountains rise, her lake in silence reigns;
A new religion greets the wond'ring world,
And into chaos marriage forms are hurled:

The days of ancient Canaan's shepherd king
Are now revived and into being spring;
One lord some fifteen women now adore,
Who joyous was to get one wife before.
Thus nations rise and revolutions sweep
Like gales across the ever stormy deep,
Tear into tatters kingdoms, kings and creeds,
The ball belle's costume and the widow's weeds;
From snow-white kids they fly to purple shades,
From raven locks to blue-eyed, blonde-haired maids;
Now the short skirt reveals an ankle trim,
And now in sea of train the unseen beauties swim.
The belles and beaux may yield to fashion's sway,
If they do not o'erstep a modest way;
The young should never wear an antique coat
That changes human form into a goat;
The old stick not to continental style,
As if dug up from some volcanic isle;
There is a medium path all can pursue,
At once genteel and pleasing to the view;
The flash-like dress the rowdy does denote,
And gaudy shawls on cyprian shoulders float.

Life is but short, art ever long and new,
The telescope brings unknown worlds to view;
Then at the shrine of medium fashion's dome,
Let mortals make their ever-charming home,
And from its sacred precincts never roam.
No soldier now would dress in roman style,
As if he came from Malta's ancient isle;
No modern maid would robe her form divine
In gauze-clad vestures of the tropic line,
No fame-starred soldier shield his martial form
Alone in spurs to face the battle storm;
Shun then extremes—let not your fancy yield
To make a mode the victor in the field,
But like a queen your regal robes retain,
And victor-like go smiling over life's plain.
The earth revolves, the seasons come and go—
In gentle spring the blushing flowers blow,
In autumn time the withered leaflets fall,
And winter clothes them with an icy pall;
So with the world—the man in youthful prime
Will smile and sing and dance away the time;
'Tis nature's law to give to youthful hearts

The sportive vein and pleasure's silver'd darts;
But when the hair is whiten'd o'er with age,
Death comes at last to end the final page,
Releases souls from scenes of mortal woe,
Sends it to heaven or down to shades below;
Then all should strive in proper path to move,
Influenced by that holy virtue, love;
Seek not to win, by dress, the world's regard,
Be not a tailor's or a hatter's card;
Plow your own row, keep leading reins in hand,
Nor turn aside at folly's wild command.
See yonder stars in their own sea of blue,
They gild the earth with one bright silver hue,
And countless orbs that ever sparkle there
Combine to make earth's mantle softly fair.
Oh, read a lesson from those lamps of night,
That ever true pursue their trackless flight;
Each in one path rolls on its endless way,
Smiles in the night and slumbers through the day;
No wild confusion in the system dwells,
No comets change their course or star rebels,
But all harmonious as their Maker made

They travel on through shine and darken'd shade ;
Though centuries have pass'd, they're in their prime,
And will be so until the end of time ;
Now have one honest purpose in your aim,
Accomplish it, you build a lasting fame ;
No woe can rob you, worldly grief destroy,
The kind remembrance of so great a joy ;
The knowledge that you've done your very best
Will calm your fears and soothe your troubled breast.
Through every era in the path of life
Gleams the bright joy, or scowls the deadly strife ;
The youth basks in the budding bower of joy,
His cup of pleasure mix'd with no alloy ;
When on his brow young manhood builds its throne,
His heart begins some inward griefs to own ;
As further on in life he wends his way,
A heavy storm of sorrow clouds his day ;
Like bark in storm he braves the adverse gale—
Around griefs roar and direful sorrows wail ;
Bright beams of hope that kept his soul so warm,
Leaves him at last to founder in the storm ;
The youthful fancies that inspir'd his soul,

In mist-like forms before his vision roll,
Their fleeting, fading banners fiend-like wave,
To taunt his soul descending to the grave.
But if the man should reach three score and ten,
He longs to life to breathe the word "Amen!"
And let the weary soul commence its flight
For realms of glory in a land of light,
Where angels in their holy mansions dwell,
In songs of love their Maker's glory tell;
Where round the throne, a precious jewel'd shrine,
The sav'd and blest in spotless garments shine,
And saints in robes of white and angels bow divine;
No fashion there, no face of faded queen,
No modern styles to mar celestial scene;
The earth's broad follies never enter there,
No blasted love, no tincture of despair,
But one eternal day in glory reigns,
From sorrows free and from all mortal pains.
The world may bow to fashion's iron sway,
And at such shrine a proper homage pay;
But should the viper enter sacred walls,
The fabric totters and the Christian falls;

On cushioned pew the silk-clad maid reclines,
In velvet cloak the queenly matron shines;
An air of style the brilliant scene pervades,
Through color'd glass the sun casts mellow shades;
In slow and solemn note the organ sounds,
Through chancel and through aisle the tone resounds;
The priest appears in long and flowing gown,
Full of conceit, a stranger to renown,
Reads prayers so long they lull the flock to sleep,
And can not tell the goats or which the sheep;
In fashion's church the pews are bought and sold—
Oh, woeful sight for Christians to behold!
That e'er the soul that seeks its hallowed God
Must pave its way—by silver must be shod;
The poor in purse the boon can never buy,
Or through such portals gain celestial sky,
But for eternal glory hopeless sigh.
They tell of wolves in clothing of the sheep—
Such wolves are formed to make frail mortals weep;
With smiling face and necktie snowy white,
And bland address, he wins his flock at sight;
He holds the cross before the sinner's eyes,

And paints the path that leads to paradise;
He reads the law on holy Sabbath days,
And seemingly in fervor humbly prays;
A saint appears before the public eye—
His outward acts the slanderous tongue defy;
But while he prays there is a secret vein
Of amorous thoughts revolving in his brain;
The tempting devil revels in his mind,
And sacred law he scatters to the wind,
With fiery fluids warms his craven breast,
And tempting woman drives him to the rest;
That virtue which his office is to save,
He blasts—the victim finds a living grave.
Who comes to worship at the sacred shrine,
And at the chancel bows with thoughts divine,
Forgetting sorrows and all earthly things,
To holy altar purest offering brings?
The invalid, the humble and the poor
With contrite hearts approach the chapel door,
And with a fervent zeal their God adore.
Not all the rich are free from worldly stain—
Their wealth impedes their journey o'er life's plain;

Their minds are full of lots and stocks and bonds,
That rise and fall as if by wizard wands;
The price of gold they watch with eagle eye—
How cotton stands in the commercial sky;
They have their ledger always in their view,
What bills unpaid, what drafts are overdue;
Throughout the week their gains their thoughts control,
They have no time to elevate the soul
Before the cross, the ever hallow'd shrine,
Emblem of love, a Maker's love divine;
They worship the almighty dollar more
Than they the true Almighty God adore;
To their small souls the shillings and the pence
Are richer far to them than heavenly sense;
Before the silent crowd they groan and sigh,
And bow to forms to blind the public eye;
There is One Eye from which they can not hide
Their love of gold, their silver-plated pride;
Their charities are given with a blaze,
And crowds approve with wonder and amaze;
The poor, in public, draws their pensive sigh,
Behind the world they let the victims die;

Some who profess their Saviour to adore
Will drive the beggar starving from their door.
Such are the moths that fly around the light
Of fashion's lamp, then sink in endless night;
Their hearts are wedded to an outward show,
Within their souls there is no fervid glow;
The world attracts them to its gilded shrine,
And they their icy hearts to icy forms resign,
Without one living spark of love divine.

The foreign artiste seeks our friendly shore
To harvest fame and reap a golden store;
A smiling welcome toadies give the maid,
And at her shrine their hearts are freely laid;
The prima donna or the danseuse form
Elates the crowd and carries minds by storm;
With eulogies the morning papers blaze,
But few there are that know 'tis purchas'd praise;
That venal press her graces all rehearse,
Some venal fool embalms her name in verse.
A comic troupe, composed of blondes alone,
With royal grandeur fills the public throne;
In private life the public does not know

The status of these ladies of the show—
If this a matron be, or that a maid,
Or that the mistress of some moneyed blade.
Now the true drama wins the loud applause,
And now the can-can nightly hundreds draws;
But this is fashion, tyrant of weak mind,
That speeds apace, outstrips the fleeing wind,
To whom the maid, the matron, mothers—all
Yield willing sway and in her temple fall;
The weak, the strong, the dandy and the vain
Here crowd her courts and swell her glittering train—
The butterflies of earth, live but a day,
Bask in the sunshine, in the shade decay;
They leave no trace to mark their earthly life,
They've sooth'd no sorrow in the deadly strife,
But, like a bubble on some ocean wave,
Dance for a time then find a nameless grave.
Awake, my harp! and sound a gentle strain,
The southern breeze is wooing all the plain;
The genial sun resumes creative power—
Warms into life the winter-sleeping flower,
Unbinds the bosom of the frozen stream

And on its surface sends a silver beam,
Brings into life the leaflet and the rose,
And all the beauties of the spring disclose;
Charms all the air with mocking birds of song,
And their wild notes the music theme prolong;
No northern gale disturbs the ambient air,
No wintry winds are wandering coldly there;
Warm'd into life the drowsy buds arise
And from their beds they hail the welcome skies—
Live but an hour, an hour they meet their doom,
Smile in the sunlight, die in evening's gloom.
The winter pales before the smiles of spring,
These smiles the buds and little birdlets bring,
Whilst cold winds seek the north on fleetest wing;
The golden glow of gentle morn in May
Warms the chill air and gives the genial day,
And with rich robes the gardens all array;
In course of time the generous harvest field
To keenest blade its golden treasures yield;
The bustling merchant lays aside his books
And seeks cool shades by side of sylvan brooks.
Oh, who would stay all summer in the town?

None but a drayman or a senseless clown;
'Tis not polite to pass the sultry hours
In pent-up streets, in brick encircled bowers,
But 'neath the shade of widely spreading trees
Enjoy the cool, the perfum'd burthen'd breeze;
The music of the birds on woodland hills
And mind's refreshing songs of rippling rills;
The morning beams that kiss the flowing tide,
And through the skies in golden chariot ride,
Like the bright face of some young, blushing bride;
The gentle eve with softened, hazy veil,
The moonbeams quivering in the flow'ry dale,
Where silence sweet and solitudes prevail,
And no discordant passions swell the gale.
These woodland scenes are charming to the mind
That can enjoy the free-wing'd, roving wind,
Without being forced by fashion's iron sway
To change your dress at least three times a day;
How many go to say they have been there,
And for two weeks have breathed the country air?
Miss Ball has gone through Grayson's walks to roam,
Miss Hull's disgrac'd if she should stay at home;

Home has no charms when summer's in full blast,
They must to Blue Lick go, or lose their caste.
Now at these springs, where fashion draws the vain,
Who crowds the halls and strolls o'er grassy plain?
There is a motley crew upon the ground,
The fawning spaniel and the sneaking hound;
The man of God, the gambler and the swell,
The planning matron and the dashing belle,
The fortune seeker and the antique maid
Are here to sell their wares in country shade;
The stately politician loafs around,
In looks a sage, in ignorance profound,
And heartless roue's feet defile the ground!
All in one general mass together mix,
Like sav'd and damn'd upon the river Styx.
In gilded parlors, blazing with the light
Of chandeliers that cast a lustre bright,
Shine queenly matron and the virgin belle,
Hung to the arm of some young noodle swell;
A shark swims there, no shadow of a soul,
He counts alone her father's rental roll;
The lands, the bank stock and the ready cash

Whirl through his brain in one wild, stunning crash;
Some wealthy maiden claims alone his sighs,
He is the comet that illumines their skies—
But true, alas! alone in his own eyes;
The poorer maid with only beauty blest
Finds not a corner in his sordid breast;
Though intellect may sparkle, mind may beam
Bright as the sunlight kissing gentle stream,
Without the gold the maid to him is nought—
His form's in market only to be bought.
Such sharks that crowd the sea of fashion's life
Should meet with hisses in the hated strife;
The maid with gold who smiles on such a crew
Can have no higher, holier aim in view
Than just to take a husband from the crowd—
She yields to fate and weaves herself a shroud.
Let all such moths that shine alone at night,
In doeskin pants and vest of spotless white,
Be hurled from fashion's should-be purest throne
And left to sink in their own mire alone;
No noble mind, no honor-beating heart,
Would stoop to play so mean, so low a part;

If sparkling beauty and the mind be there,
If graces rich adorn the charming fair,
She will not heed the sighs of heartless beau,
That views her only as a golden show,
But with a scornful pride and high disdain
Refuse attention from such fortune-seeking swain.
The youthful swell with rattan cane in hand,
Who walks as if he millions could command,
Who boasts his father long since dead and gone,
Yet through his veins patrician blood flows on;
The scion of a tree whose course is run
Can not reflect the fame his father won;
No worth himself, no ring of gold is there
To gild his name or perfume honor's air;
Upon his father's ever-honored name
He seeks to build his own ephemeral fame;
The hand of honest labor does he scorn,
And deems the toiling artisan low-born;
He wonders why such trash are on the earth—
Why are not all like him, of noble birth?
If labor is disgrace, the world's a tomb
Of shame, and will be till the day of doom.

Who guards the engine in its rapid course,
Commands the steam and guides the fiery horse?
Who makes your railways, who your cities build,
And generous fields with yellow harvests gild?
Who shapes the stones to form the marble wall
Of gothic church and stately city hall?
Who toils to rear the palace; builds the grave?
Who mans the bark to plow the briny wave?
In all the arts requiring labor, skill,
The toiling millions every station fill,
And no dishonor ever stains their name,
Their honest labor gives them greater fame.
Who made the lightning run from pole to pole,
And curb'd the electric spark to man's control?
Brought mind to mind, caused distance to expire,
And belted world's with chains of speaking fire?
Immortal Morse! no European born
Can chide Columbia with an eye of scorn,
No living age a greater triumph claim
Than crowns thy brow and clusters round thy name,
And gives to thee an everlasting fame.
The long, the loud, the trembling thunders roll,

Electric spark lights up the printer's soul ;
He watches clouds, storm-clouds, with eager eyes,
Lets loose his kite which through the ether flies
And draws the lightning from the dark-rob'd skies.
What have you done, you silly-pated youth—
Added one atom to the store of truth?
Found out one single law before unknown,
Or where the planets are, or where the zone?
Have you at any time to reason's store
Added one thought to wisdom's ancient lore?
Have you e'er view'd or solv'd the milky way,
Or do your feeble thoughts so distant stray?
Go, ask your mother; she will tell you true,
Her breast the only milky way you ever knew.
Have you a blade of grass or perfumed flower,
Brought into life in summer's genial hour?
What have you done to rear so high a head,
And o'er your betters march with iron tread?
Why should you highest honor claim from forms
Gone from the earth and sorrow's pelting storms?
Those voiceless forms that with this life are done—
Oh, could they speak, they'd blush to own each son.

Who were your fathers, curly-headed boy?
Let not the truth your feeble nerves annoy;
I will not say they did not fear their God,
Or shov'd the plane, or stagger'd 'neath the hod,
Or ply'd the awl, or levell'd forests down
To build a stable or an inland town;
But if they did they were an honest race,
They have the honor, you your own disgrace.
In day of toil, when all was dark, was gloom,
And tyrants' shackles seemed to be their doom,
They came, like men, to battle and to brave
The coming storm, and sacred rights to save;
That banner with the stripe and with the star
They won through seven long years of weary war;
They won the fame on which you seek to bank,
Whilst you yourself are nothing but a blank;
Their dauntless valor laid the cornerstone
Of this republic, freedom's sacred throne;
Broke tyrant's chains and cast them to the earth;
Gave man his freedom and to nations birth.
But they are gone; no trumpet's full-toned strain
Can ever call them back to life again.

In vain you call; no single one survives
Who pledg'd their honor, gave the cause their lives.
These were your fathers, honest men and true,
A thousand times more honest, sir, than you;
You are the froth upon life's tossing waves,
Not fit to be companions of the brave;
Like moth-flies flying round the light,
You singe your wings then sink in death of night.
The Romans had their high patrician name,
And plebeian stock unknown to fashion's fame.
The first acknowledg'd as a lordly race,
Who claim'd the senate and the field to grace,
And none dispute their right to either place.
These carv'd their way through fortune's doubtful flood,
And for their country shed their purest blood.
Those mov'd unharm'd amidst an humble life,
And never sought to join the foolish strife;
Each in their sphere became a star of fame,
And left behind them an undying name.
But, oh, this modern age! the glorious sun
Shines on a race degenerate and undone.
No high-soul'd deeds emblazon crested arms;

No noble act each sterile bosom warms;
All lost to shame; their pigmy souls aspire
To build their glory on each sleeping sire,
And from his ashes light patrician fire.
If fashion would but follow nature's laws,
Her honest votaries would receive applause,
For nature in her works scarce ever errs;
Here order reigns, there symmetry appears,
Now all in place make one harmonious whole,
Together singing and with system roll;
In proper sphere receive their meed of praise,
Some wear the laurel, some are crowned with bays;
Weird fingers touch the golden corded lyre,
And into life springs wild poetic fire;
In woodland shade by side of sylvan stream,
The peasant passes life like fairy dream;
Some sorrows feel, some pine in hopeless love,
Some dwell in shade of blest Arcadian grove.
In courtly halls, with golden robes array'd,
Shine Persian lord and queenly Cashmere maid;
Far in the West in rude log cabins dwell
The bold explorers of untrodden dell;

The Arab wanders o'er the desert plain,
And does not seek a better soil to gain;
Pleased with the sand, his camel and his steed,
He wants no rill-lav'd, flow'ry-blooming mead;
The courtier smiles in marble-pillar'd hall,
The ox in peace reclines in humble stall,
The moles in darkness all their pleasures gain,
The king delights in regal robes to reign
And on his subjects cast his high disdain;
The mocking birds in wild magnolias dwell
And charm the woods with music's richest spell;
The flowers here, and there the baneful weed,
Here the fierce tiger, there the noble steed;
The thunders that through boundless ether roll,
Need not affright or awe your swelling soul;
The blazing fluid streaming from the skies
Brings gentle rain and foul air purifies;
Majestic mountains seem to kiss the skies;
Far as the eye can reach the Pampa lies;
Volcanic regions yield a store of gold,
On fruitful fields the yellow grain behold,
And shepherds piping there pen up the fleecy fold.

All nature has a book of perfect law—
Stars in their place, and each without a flaw,
A part but adds its grandeur to the whole,
And lord of all presides the immortal soul.

THE WEAVER TIME.

I.

Have you ever thought of the weaver Time,
Whose garments are suited to every clime,
Whose loom has sung since the world began,
Weaving for woman and weaving for man;
For the babe unborn and the bright-eyed maid,
Weaving the sunshine, weaving the shade;
Weaving the soldier's garb spangled with fame,
Weaving for poets a star-brilliant name;
Weaving for artists a golden-bright cloud,
Weaving for all a grave and a shroud?

II.

He weaves a veil for the blooming young bride;
A dirge for the victim of storm and tide;

For those who sail o'er the ocean's bright wave;
And those who sleep calmly in Cave Hill grave;*
Those who in whirlwinds were call'd to roam,
And pass through storms to their final home;
All who in the woes of this stormy life
Struggl'd with sorrow and deadly strife,
Cover'd with glory, smother'd in shame,
Soiling or gilding their mortal name—
Weaving for lovers a soft, gentle sigh,
Weaving for sad ones a grief-darken'd sky.

III.

Time is a weaver confin'd to no loom,
He weaves for the living and weaves for the tomb;
His fabrics are scatter'd both far and wide—
Far over the land and over the tide;
He weaves the silver as well as the gold,
He weaves the grave's decaying mold;
The haughty and proud, the humble in birth,
The sorrowful heart and the soul of mirth;
At evening he weaves a silver-ting'd cloud,
At death he weaves for all a pale shroud.

*Name of the Louisville Cemetery.

IV.

He weaves the woe, the grief and the gloom,
That marks the drunkard's most terrible doom,
And lowers him into dishoner'd tomb;
Weaving around his once happy hearth,
Pangs to destroy his children of earth,
And exclude them from the heavenly birth:
He weaves the liquid that beggars the man;
He has woven the wine since the world began;
No eloquence tells of the woe and the shame,
That clings like a leech to the drunkard's name;
No language can herald the grief of the wife,
No pencil can paint her soul-anguish'd strife;
The lightnings may flash and storms wild arise,
Light up, then darken the star-jewell'd skies,
But darker the fate of the men who incline
To worship the wine-god and bow at his shrine.

V.

Oh, could he unweave the web he has wove,
And weave only one of beauty and love,
Our bark, o'er a pleasure-lit, sparkling stream,
Would glide away soft as a fading dream,

Would sail o'er a wave all-silvery bright;
An age of bright skies without stormy night,
A bark all bright and forever new,
The sun smiling down from its home of blue,
A crew of glad souls skimming life's wave
Without fear of tempest or ocean grave,
But looking aloft for the haven of rest,
At last find anchor near isle of the blest.

VI.

He weaves the tempest that maddens the tide,
He weaves the love that wins the fair bride,
He weaves the arrow that steals the breath
And lays the young bride in the arms of death,
He weaves the sorrow that dwells in the heart
When mother from home and child must depart;
But then he weaves the heavenly balm
Which gives to the mind the holiest calm—
That points to the peaceful path so bright
Which leads the soul to the realms of light,
Where he has woven a temple of rest
For faithful hearts "in the home of the blest."

VII.

He weaves the lover's clinging kiss
And bids him sail in a sea of bliss,
He weaves the sighs, the tones that tell
How hearts in fancied castles dwell,
And weaving there the gentle smile
That two fond lovers hours beguile,
Dissolving all their woes in beams
That glance alone on crystal streams;
So gently falls Time's footsteps there,
No howling gale disturbs the air,
But sweetly as the breeze in May,
That softly steals from tropic bay,
Their loving hearts in union glide
Adown life's swift but wavelss tide.

VIII.

He weaves the songs that the wild bird trills,
And weaves the music of gurgling rills,
He weaves the song that is borne on the gale,
He weaves the violet that perfumes the vale,
He weaves the daisy, the pink and the rose,

He weaves the May breeze at evening's close;
He weaves the vine that clusters the wall,
Its tendrils, its petals, its leaves and all;
He weaves the thoughts, the soul to enchain,
And weaves the proud, the haughty and vain;
He weaves the couch where the king is laid,
And weaves the cot for the rural maid;
Weaving for all, on land or on wave,
The body's last temple, the humbling grave.

IX.

He weaves the heart of the noble and brave,
And weaves the soul of the sordid slave;
The wretch who worships his shining gold,
Who would take it along to his home of mold,
And then, when at last he in agony dies,
Would carry it with him beyond the skies,
Trusting at last, if he reached the goal,
It would buy a ransom for his craven soul.

X.

He never once stops to rest or to play,
But weaves all night and throughout the day;

He weaves an empire in one short year,
And tumbles it down without smile or fear;
His loom oft weaves a web work of care,
The giddy and thoughtless both to ensnare;
Weaving the comets and weaving the stars,
Weaving the planets and weaving the wars;
Weaving the dew that enriches the lawn,
Weaving the beams of the sun at dawn;
Weaving the pink and the gay, young flowers,
Weaving the twilight's mellow-hued hours;
Weaving the ebb and the flow of the tide,
Weaving the pleasures of groom and bride;
Weaving the air for mortals to breathe,
Weaving the flowers to make a wreath
To deck the brow of some queen of May,
Who reigns supreme on that festal day;
Weaving the delicate, sensitive mind,
Weaving the storm, the rain and the wind;
Weaving the hail that crushes the flower,
Weaving the noon and the midnight hour;
Weaving the sunset clouds afar,
Weaving the morn and evening star;

Weaving the last, the long-rolling wave,
To moisten the sod of eternity's grave!

XI.

The weaver I've painted no eye hath seen,
He gleams in the clouds, in the stars serene,
He rides in the gale, on hills He dwells,
His name the snow-storm in melody tells;
The brow of the mountain, all cover'd with snow,
Brightly mirrors his name in the morning's rich glow—
In peals of loud thunder and lightning's flash,
And music of waves that on ocean rocks dash;
He is read in the songs that the birds trill in May,
He breathes in the flowers that gem the June day—
In the hurricane's music that startles the soul
And Niagara's thunder's that in melody roll;
The tiniest bud that enriches the plain
But heralds the weaver of lightning and rain.
Afar down the mountain the cascade falls,
Its music sings God from its stone-brow'd walls;
And long as the years in cycles shall roll,
He'll weave the web of each new-born soul
Till unseen hands time's final knell shall toll.

ERIN, THE GREEN ISLE.

I.

Wild harp of Old Erin, oh, harp so long lov'd,
Thy beautiful legends our fancy have moved
To bow at the shrine that has hallow'd the past,
Where memory still lingers on minstrel's wild blast;
And through the young spring with all its bright flowers,
But sparkles the day and silvers the hours,
To give to the soul a note of sweet song,
Thy bards to remember, thy fame to prolong.

II.

You have a lov'd emblem your hearts to warm,
That gives to your souls an enchanting charm;
This emblem restores to memory your isle—
Wins sympathy's tear and wreaths a bright smile;
In far distant lands its beauty is shrin'd,
And ever will live in the warm Irish mind
In centuries to come, through the darkness of gloom,
When kingdoms have vanished and sleep in the tomb,
With bright leaves of green the Shamrock shall bloom.

III.

Oh, Erin, thy victories have sparkl'd the wave
That wafted thy heroes to glory's proud grave;
They've glimmered in beauty from centuries afar,
To tell of thy triumphs in peace, love and war;
Thy children forever will dream of their fame,
And love the bright stories that hallow thy name,
Will wreathe round thy brow a circle of light
That will flash like a star in the darkest night;
In the songs of thy bards thy glory shall burn,
Till worlds into choas again shall return,
And stars in their paths of yon ocean of blue
Shall cease their night visits again to renew.

IV.

The brightest of beauty, the soul of sweet song,
To the Emerald Isle shall ever belong;
Her wild, ancient bards her praises have sung,
And nations, entranc'd, on their music have hung,
Each vale teems with story, each river a theme,
To charm the mind with a bright, fairy dream.
For ages they kept on a dim legend's shore,

Till charmed into life by the pen of Tom Moore;
The vale of Avoca all silent so long,
Till Moore its soft beauties had coined into song,
And down the bright stream of life's flowing wave
Had won the bold heart to bow at their grave.

V.

Her arms and her valor encircle the world,
All suns have smiled on her banners unfurled;
In the land of the Aztec where orange trees bloom,
The living found glory, the dead glory's tomb.
Beneath the broad folds of the stripes and the stars,
She won laurel on laurel in Mexican wars;
In war she has written a page of bright story,
And Wellington looms in the van of her glory.

VI.

To the Gem of the Sea a long, lov'd adieu,
Her glories unfading her bards ever new;
Wherever the flag of the Lion unfurled,
Her soldiers in front of the battle were hurled;
In garden of India, in olive-grove Spain,
They fearlessly battled their flag to maintain,

And bright as young roses all dripping with dew,
They crowned their war glory at famed WATERLOO.

LAMENT FOR THE INDIAN LOVERS.

Farewell to the Princess who sleeps in the vale,
Farewell to the warrior who loved the dark maid;
Their spirits shall wander o'er hill and through dale,
Till chaos the world shall envelope in shade.
Smooth be the river that rolls by their grave,
And bright be the stars that light up their gloom—
No murmurs disturb the soft flowing wave,
And nightingales sing at eve round their tomb.
The Chief of his Tribe shall mourn for his child
Till pity is lost in the ocean of time,
And forest buds blooming so sweet and so wild,
Shall bow their frail petals in mourning sublime.
When the sun in his glory has gone to his rest,
And the moon in her beauty enjewels the sky,

And birds of the woodland have sought their moss nest,
The maidens for Monah* shall breathe the soft sigh,
The warriors, while chasing the deer in the wood,
Will keep in remembrance their young chieftain's name,
And dangers that meet them while stemming the flood
Will inspire their efforts to rival his fame.
The Paleface will tell of the warrior so bold,
Who sleeps 'neath the beech in his lonely grave,
And poets will rival the song-bards of old
In enbalming the love of the fair and the brave.
When the Indian is fishing in Doah's† bright stream,
He'll muse on the glory the gallant chief won,
He will see his form mirror'd in every sunbeam,
And tell o'er the deeds the young brave had done.
The heroes recorded in song and in story
Will tremble to hear of the brave chieftain's name,
For fear they may pale before his rich glory—
His deeds of true chivalry shadow their fame;
And though in the wilderness silent and lone,
No marble shaft tells where the lovers are laid;

*The name of the Princess.

† An abbreviation of Shenandoah.

The wild flowers, making the forest their throne,
Will bloom o'er the spot where they buried the maid;
And time with its banner shall blazon their fame,
Till nations, enchanted, shall listen afar,
And the breeze in the evening shall whisper their name
Till it's mirror'd in beams of the bright evening star.
Farewell to the lovers so fair and so bold,
Long may they live in the hearts of the brave;
May their virtues be graven on tablets of gold,
And the dew of the twilight shed tears at their grave.

THE WOODS.

DEDICATED TO LEILA.

I.

Come, my loving and beautiful maid,
Come with me to the woodland shade;
The buds in the bowers of nature repose,
And morning winds woo the cheek of the rose.
Oh, come with thoughts as pure and bright
As stars that dwell on the bosom of night;

The sparkling rivulet's singing there,
And birds trill plaintive songs on the air.
Then come, oh, come, my beautiful maid,
We'll whisper our love in the wildwood's shade,
We'll breathe forth a prayer as we sit on the sod—
A fervent prayer to our maker, God—
Giving Him thanks for this beautiful scene,
For the perfum'd flowers and carpet of green.

II.

I love the woods, the dark green woods,
Bath'd in shades and richest floods
Of sunbeam, moonbeam, silver star,
Whose light so softly gleams from afar,
Glancing through leaves, gilding the boughs,
Making them bright as angel brows;
Shining like silver, burnished like gold,
A scene of beauty for man to behold.
I love the shade that lingers there,
Cooling the buds and cooling the air,
And cooling the brow of maiden fair.
I love the hills with their trees of green,

I love the holy, silent scene;
I love the music of rippling streams,
Their waves all sparkling with sunny beams.
I love the flowers that smile on the earth.
They teach us to look for celestial birth;
I love all things that God has made—
The flowers, the trees, the beautiful maid;
But ever, oh, ever, my heart shall own
My love to my God belongs alone.
My love for the flowers is fleeting as dew,
My love for God is eternal and true;
For He o'er the river entitled Death
Will waft my soul and restore my breath,
And I will be done with woes and sighs,
And dwell with God in the starry skies.

III.

God reigns in the woods, He flashes on streams,
He's mirror'd in clouds and in the moonbeams,
He's pictur'd in storms, in winds he whirls,
And breathes through this vast array of world's;
He rules the ocean, He governs all wars.

He guides the sun, the moon and the stars;
No language can picture, no tongue can tell,
The place where Jehovah does not dwell.

IV.

The sun has kissed the waters,
Pacific's golden wave,
He smiled on earth's fair daughters
Ere he roll'd in ocean grave.

The moon is sweetly shining,
The stars their watch now keep,
The buds are now reclining
In bower fast asleep.

Then come, my gentle maiden,
We'll seek our home again,
The evening air is laden
With a lingering music strain.

Adieu to woods so charming,
To music of the rill,
The birds our bosoms warming,
Adieu to vale and hill.

We'll seek in silent slumber
A rosy dream or two,
And pleasures without number
Our loving hearts will woo.

V.

Adieu to woods, to lovely shades, adieu,
To flowers rob'd in pearly drops of dew,
To warbling birds and music-flowing rills,
To sunny vales and shady bower'd hills,
To yonder bright but silent gliding streams,
And fairest skies inlaid with starry beams.
Then come, my maid, we'll wander home again,
And leave the woods to nature's silent reign;
We'll seek our pillow, on whose downy breast
Come gentle dreams, come sleep-inspiring rest;
The stars their silent virgils o'er us keep,
And angels guard us in our peaceful sleep.

ROSALIE.

A Young Lady at the Grave of Her Brother, Her Engaged
Lover Entreating Her to Leave.

I.

Rosalie, Rosalie, maiden so fair,
Maid of my heart, why ling'rest thou there?
The sunlight, the starlight can never restore
The soul that has gone to eternity's shore.
Then leave the cold grave, cease breathing thy sighs.
For he dwells in yonder enjewell'd skies;
He sleeps in peace in a happy home,
Where angels around him forever roam.
No cares to annoy, no woes to chill
The soul that rests on celestial hill;
But all in a world of love and delight
He revels in day and fears not the night.
He has gone to the land where spirits reside,
And love is the soul's enchanting bride;
Where God in His glory is reigning supreme,
And storms never darken eternity's stream.

II.

List ye, time and waters,
Bear not our bark away,
We'll revel with earth's daughters
Through many a golden day.
We'll seek the silver sunlight,
The balmy morn of May,
We'll wander 'neath the starlight
When dies the sparkling day.
No shadow shall enchain us,
No sorrows chill our soul,
But love alone maintain us
In life's swift-changing role.
Then calm your fears, my maiden,
No bitter tears be thine;
The God of life has laden
His heart with love divine.
All in a round of pleasure
His spirit dreams away,
And hours of golden treasure
Reward his endless day.

Then kiss the brilliant sunshine
That sparkles o'er the lea,
And leave the dead that there recline,
And I will live for thee.

III.

Rosalie, Rosalie, maid of the vale,
The flowers are blooming on hill and in dale;
Their beauties now teach me thy heart to console—
Oh yield, fairest maid, to thy lover's control.
The daisies that bloom in the early spring,
And woodland birds that May songs sing,
Can never restore the buried dream
To sparkle again on life's fairy stream.
Then leave the lone spot, my fairest maid,
And dwell with me in the wildwood's shade;
I'll haste the sad hours, if slowly they move,
And give thee a heart all swimming with love.
I will soothe, I will cheer, I will love thee alone—
Thy beauty my temple, thy bosom my throne;
In love-laden bark we'll sail o'er life's wave,
And soul twining soul go down to the grave.

CONFEDERATE DECORATION DAY.

We are standing in silence where soldiers repose,
No banner of war waves over their head;
We come the great strife forever to close,
And drop a sad tear on the graves of the dead.
The sky in its brightness is smiling above,
And lights up the flowers that bloom on each grave—
Fair emblem of hearts that pour out their love
For the heroes that died the death of the brave.
Far, far from their homes they sunk to their rest,
No mother to cheer them in death's darkest gloom,
No comrade to weep, or soothe the torn breast—
By stranger hands laid in the cold, silent tomb.
No more shall the sound of the bugle e'er call,
To rouse from their sleep the heroes that died;
Never again shall the fam'd minnie ball
Extract the life gore from each warrior's side.
Life's battle is past, and the bright setting sun
Is smiling in beauty on each lonely grave;

Their warfare is o'er, their warrior race run,
And flowers of friendship enshroud the dead brave.
Though silent in earth their pale forms are laid,
Their tombs alone woo'd by the evening breeze,
Their valor shall ever, in sunlight or shade,
Be wafted by zephyrs that sigh through the trees;
Nor time with its blight shall lessen the fame
They won by their deeds on the gory-stained field;
But history shall tell of the glory they claim,
And burnish with honor their Southern-barr'd shield.
The willow, bright emblem of mourning sublime,
In sadness now weeps for the lost and the brave;
She droops her lone boughs o'er the tablets of time,
And guards, like a sentry, each dead warrior's grave.
From yonder blue vault the planets and stars
In peace and in beauty shall smile on the brave,
Till the fame of the South, with its banner of bars,
Looms up in its glory o'er each hero's grave.
Farewell to our comrades who sleep with the dead—
In memory they live, our hearts be their shrine,
Their deeds are the glory their valor has shed,
And ages around them shall green laurels twine.

THE BEAUTIFUL RAIN.

Oh, the rain, the Beautiful Rain,
That falls from the clouds without a stain,
Kissing the crowd that hurries along,
Sweet as the notes of a wild bird's song;
Gemming the rose in floral bower,
Washing the dust from each April flower,
Giving a glow to the face of the earth,
And wooing the buds into beautiful birth.
I love the rain, the beautiful rain,
That quickens the flowers to life again,
That clothes the trees in a garb of green,
And sparkles the lawn with a robe of sheen,
Dashing the earth with floods of love,
Like stars that spangle the sky above,
Giving to flowers their roseate birth,
And gemming the gardens of Mother Earth.
Oh, give me the rain, the Beautiful Rain,
That gives to the heart no pang of pain;
Oh, give me the rain, whose softening power,
Gems the earth and the opening flower;

With crystal dew drops shines alone
To deck the May-queen's sparkling throne.
Give me the rain that gently falls
To deck with crystals fairy halls.
Oh, if our mortal life should prove
As pure as the rain that falls from above,
We would love the rain, the Beautiful Rain,
That gives to our soul no tinge of pain,
But ever as now our song would be,
Give us the rain so pure and free;
And we on the wave of this changing stream,
Would pass our life like a beautiful dream,
And wake like the flowers in spring again
To life celestial, without a pain—
And love the rain—the Beautiful Rain.

THE BLUE AND GRAY.

The sun in splendor gilds the eastern skies,
Then in the west with purple grandeur dies;
So have the armies of the Blue and Gray
In brilliant combat clos'd the bloody fray;

The Blue triumphant in the Union cause,
The Gray yields with a nation's wild applause;
They both have won a time-enduring name,
Each claims a corner in historic fame.
Now that the battle has been lost and won,
With direful strife and hatred we are done;
Like friends we meet upon this festive day
To weld in loving bands the Blue and Gray.
No malice here shall send malicious darts,
No arm prevent a union of our hearts;
The dashing raids, the soldier's weary tramp,
The battle life and stillness of the camp,
The bugle's note, like summer's dream, have fled,
And silence reigns around the sleeping dead.
Let not the living now disturb their dream,
Or with wild discord surge the peaceful stream,
But let the Blue and Gray in glory sleep
Till wreck of worlds shall make the angels weep.
The wheels of time in endless circle roll,
Thus shall the gods their warlike actions toll,
And down the railway of eternal time
Historic pens shall paint their deeds sublime.

When years have pass'd and ages roll'd away,
And those are gone who mingled in the fray,
Some Southern bard or Northern harp will tell
The deeds of those who in war's harvest fell,
And suns that usher in each golden day
Shall gild the fame won by the Blue and Gray.
The war's wild blast dies on the distant gale,
And minie rifles cease their leaden hail;
Then stack your hearts in one united band,
And hail Columbia as your dearest land.
May peace and love dwell with the gallant dead,
And glory's banner shield each pulseless head;
Long as the zephyrs sigh through orange trees
The stars and stripes shall flutter in the breeze,
And if a foreign foe should dare invade
New Hampshire's hills or Southern everglade,
In solid ranks, in armor for the fray,
There, side by side, you'll find the Blue and Gray.

MEXICAN VETERANS.

Ye vet'rans of the Aztec war,
Who bath'd your flags in blood,
Your fame is bright as morning star
That smiles on field or flood.
Each passing year shall gild your name,
Your deeds record sublime,
And centuries stamp your brilliant fame
Upon the scroll of time.
Your glory rests on battle field,
Your scars were mark'd in blood,
Your courage still the glorious shield
That pour'd the crimson flood.
On many a gory field you won
The warlike name you bear,
Proud heroes, bright as setting sun
That charms the evening air.
No sculptur'd urn or marble shaft
Can your known valor blaze,
But time's swift wings shall ever waft
Your victories that amaze.

Like the wild eagle in its flight,
That soars above the clouds,
You made in war the dreadful fight
That wove heroic shrouds.
Live on, ye brave, ye noble few,
Who fac'd the cannon's blast,
Upon your brow fame's morning dew
Shall sparkle there at last.
Your country can not long abide
The soldier's solemn claim,
Nor stay the teeming, swelling tide
That wafts your golden fame.
Chapultepec shall live as long
As stars their course pursue,
And Cerro Gordo's tragic song
The deathless notes renew.
Where Cherubusco's brow speaks loud,
And tells of glories won,
You gave the foe his winding shroud
And wreathed Virginia's son.*
In Angostura's bloody vale
The valiant Spaniard came,

*Genl. Scott.

And there you caused his fire to pale
 Before Kentucky's name.
Nor age shall change the glorious doom
 That wreathes your gallant dead,
Nor shall the night or darken'd gloom
 Their pulseless forms o'erspread.
As long as time shall wing its flight,
 And stars adorn the sky,
The brow of Buena Vista's height
 Shall to your fame reply.
You laden'd air, you gentle breeze,
 That woo the battle plain,
Stir not the foliage of the trees
 That shades the fallen slain.
The thirsty earth has drank their blood,
 They live enshrin'd in name,
Nor waves of time nor winter's flood
 Can dim their endless fame.
Ye living brave! ye silent dead!
 Proud of the stripes and stars,
Live on, sleep on, without a dread
 Of wild notes future wars.

CHICKAMAUGA.

The battle has begun at last,
I know it by the cannon's sound,
Howling like the northern blast
Over seas of frozen ground.
Forward now our columns move,
Pouring bullets o'er the heath,
Robing hill and dale and grove
With the purple shroud of death.
Breckinridge there in stately mein,
Preston with his eagle eye—
Kentucky's gallant sons are seen
Painting lawns with gory dye.
Long and loud the cannons roar,
Sharp and quick the rifles crack,
Sending soldiers to that shore
Where no voice can call them back.
Slow retreats the gallant foe,
But move he must before the brave;
They fall beneath each battle blow
Like bark before the tempest's wave.

Curling far aloft in air,
 Bluish clouds of smoke arise,
Telling that our batteries there
 Are dealing death beneath the skies.
Hewitt there in battle storm,
 Helm where duty calls the brave;
Lewis with his gallant form
 Courting fame or hero's grave.
Many a forest tree is scarr'd
 By the swift, round cannon ball,
Many a soldier, all ill-starr'd,
 Fell, but fell a hero's fall.
In the thickest of the fight
 Kentucky sways a gory realm—
E'er the sun had sunk in night
 Fell the gallant Hardin Helm.
Soldiers from their chargers fell,
 And now in silent slumber sleep,
Leaving none in verse to tell
 How a wife or child shall weep.
Heroes fall as falling hail
 On the gory field of death,

The dying send a mournful wail
Above them with their parting breath.
Home scenes crowd each fainting mind,
Wails of widows pierce the ear,
They see each child they left behind,
But not beside the warrior's bier.
Loving children far away,
Doating wives in distant lands,
Long will weep the fatal day
That made a host of mourning bands.
If each and every drop of blood
That sank into the thirsty earth,
Could give command, the gory flood
Would spring battalions into birth.
Nothing stops the battle storm
Save the twilight dim and gray,
None to shroud the soldier's form
That fell upon that bloody day.
Lawns are crimson'd o'er with blood
Flowing from each soldier's vein;
No one stands where once he stood,
In the leaden bullets' rain—

The bugle of the God of Peace
Has lull'd the wild war's battle blast;
In woodland grave their strifes now cease,
And friends in death become at last.
Linger here ye sleeping brave,
Sparkle from the tomb of time,
Let your glory be your grave
In another, brighter clime.
Rest, warriors, in your lonely tomb,
The bugle strain no more shall sound;
Nor will you hear the ball or bomb,
Their music thunder o'er the ground.
Federals and Confederates lie
Side by side in peaceful grave,
And twinkling stars from yonder sky
Smile on the armies of the brave.
Laurels crown the sleeping dead,
Laurels deck the silent foes,
Flowers bloom above their head,
Where their forms in peace repose.
The battle's past, the storm is o'er,
And heroes slumber silent there;

To arms the drum will beat no more
To call them to the battle's glare.
Shroud your stars, your stripes so fair,
Your bars so brilliant and so bright,
And let the foeman sleeping there
Forget in death the bloody fight.

TO AN EAGLE.

A giant art thou of the air's wing'd race,
The Neptune of the ether's waveless sea;
How swift thou soarest through unbounded space,
With pinions like the clouds, as bright and free!
Hail to thee, bird, thou emblem of the brave!
The air thy home, the mountain vale thy grave.
Each sighing breeze, the tempest's war-note song
Re-echo through thy castle walls on high;
The low wind's dirge that sadly floats along,
And fiercer sounds which tear the storm-brow'd sky—
These are the music peals that ever roam,
In swelling strains around thy crag-built home.

Plume thy strong wings, thou mountain-cradl'd bird,
And wave thy kingly crest where thunders roam,
Where courser-clouds by tempest's breath are stirr'd,
Where flash the lightnings in their boundless home;
Bathe thy bright plumage in the morn's grey light,
And o'er high mountains take thy monarch flight.

Bird of the free, bright emblem of the brave,
Thy cloud-bath'd home suits well thy unchain'd soul;
The crag thy nest, the crag shall be thy grave,
Where lightnings flash and Jove's dread thunders roll;
No despot's mandate slave thy noble mind,
No tyrant's hand thy regal pinions bind.

Monarch of air, the mountain brow's thy throne,
Thy flight's above the tallest forest pine;
The feather'd tribe thy majesty doth own—
Thou art descended from a kingly line.
The varied clouds which robe unfathom'd skies
Shall be thy pall when air's proud monarch dies.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Farewell to the land I have lov'd in my dreams,
To the land of bright eyes and of silver-wav'd streams;
Round the home of my childhood my feelings shall dwell,
I now take my last look, 'tis the Soldier's Farewell.

From the land I love, from my dear native home,
I go among strangers, with strangers to roam;
I go where the flag of my country calls,
To sleep 'neath the sky or to revel in halls.

But wherever I wander, in sunlight or shade,
I ever shall worship the beautiful maid
For whom I have sung, for whom I have sighed,
But whom I can never now have for a bride.

To the plains of the South, where the sun's golden beams
Now dance on the lakes, now wander on streams,
To the groves of the orange my footsteps I bend,
My country to fight for, my flag to defend.

I leave my lov'd home with a tear in my eye,
The cold earth my pillow, my tent the broad sky;

I leave the fair maid on the banks of the Clyde,
To be woo'd by some other and won as his bride.

And though I am fated in strange lands to roam,
I shall ever remember my boyhood's home,
And next to the maid whom my heart has adored,
I shall love but my country, my flag and my sword.

Then to this fair land, where my childhood's hours
Were pass'd off in sunshine, 'mid pleasure's gay bowers—
To this land where my heart and my feelings now dwell,
I breathe my last sigh, 'tis the Soldier's Farewell.

WHERE SHALL THE WARRIOR REST?

IN MEMORY OF GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

Where shall the lov'd hero in quiet repose?
Where the dewdrops are bright on the cheek of the rose,
At the foot of the mountain that bathes its tall head
In the white, floating clouds that around it are spread;
Where the willows are weeping on the banks of a stream

Whose waves, like the diamond, so brilliantly beam;
Where the nightingale warbles her songs when the sun
Sinks down to his rest and his day's journey's done;
On the side of a hill where the fountains have birth,
And morn's crimson smile glads the flowers of earth;
On the field of his glory where he won a proud name,
And carv'd his rich deeds on the pillar of fame.

There let him rest!

Where shall the bold warrior find a meet grave?
In sound of the ocean's loud, battle-like wave;
Where the tall mountain pine bares its roots to the sky,
When the harp of the forest, the gale, rushes by;
Where bright is the landscape and brighter the beam
That plays on the breast of the silver-wav'd stream;
Where the music of birds breathe soft on the air,
And sweet sounds are warbl'd in melody there;
Where the songs of the torrents ascend to the sky;
Where the green sod was chang'd to a deep purple dye;
Where the stars gleam through their pale bluish wave
To smile on the flowers that bloom o'er his grave.

There let him rest!

The lute now tunes its chords to plaintive strain,
The harp breathes forth a requiem for the dead,
The frost of time an early bud has slain,
And trusting soul from earth to heaven has fled.
As calm as fabl'd Lethe's pulseless wave,
Soft as the breeze that sighs from tropic zone,
The wooing zephyrs kiss the new-made grave,
And hearts of love his early fate bemoan.
Beneath the turf his feet so often trod,
The gentle youth sleeps in the silent grave;
His soul has gone to meet its Maker, God,
And peaceful rests the youthful, Christian brave.
No clouds now shade his golden burnish'd skies,
That far above emit their brilliant rays;
No angel weeps when child of heaven dies,
Or when the lov'd has number'd out his days.
Few were his years upon this earth of pain,
Bright was the morn when first his star arose;
He early sought that better world to gain,
That his young soul might with its God repose.
Nor time, nor age, or all the coined gold
Can buy the peace on which his hope relied;

Nor can frail man the dying scene behold
Without the cross on which the Saviour died.
No darken'd cloud shall ever cast a shade
To dim the trust that made his soul so brave;
But when the twilight hours shall softly fade,
Lov'd hands will strew immortelles round his grave.
Leave him alone beneath the grassy sod,
Breathe not a sigh from one that's gone from earth—
He lives in realms with his eternal God,
And claims the priceless boon, celestial birth.
The stars may pale before the morning sun,
The moon withhold her silver crown at night,
The planets cease their endless course to run,
And still the Christian's path is 'lum'd with light.
Bright be the flowers that may thy grave adorn,
Soft be the breeze at eve that wanders by;
Let sunlight rays, that glance from brow of morn,
But gild thy tomb that points to peaceful sky.
Death knocks at palace door and lowly cot—
The king and peasant yield their mortal breath,
The crown and crook are both alike forgot
When in the pathway of the reaper Death.

THOUGHTS.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN WM. SHREVE.

Yon blazing sun rolls to his western tent,
And bathes the earth in floods of golden beams,
Leaving the imprint of his Maker's smile
Upon each leaf and music-breathing rill—
The last bright look the brightest of them all;
Like to a conqueror on the battle field,
Who falls in vict'ry's arms, in glory dies
The monarch of the day—the sky his tent,
The jewel'd earth his shroud, and yonder stars
Come faintly forth as vigils of the night
To guard thy grave and smile upon thy tomb;
With them I've come, a pilgrim, to this spot
To look once more upon the grassy turf
That shields thy lifeless clay; to watch with them
And with thy spirit hold sweet commune.
Thou art not here all in thy loneliness!
Thy bosom's friend stands by thy marble couch
To whisper in thy ear his mournful song;

And though death's robes are round thy manly form,
And thy glad laugh no more enchants his heart,
He feels thy spirit mingling yet with his,
And that thou livest in his mind of thought.
How calm thou sleepest! storms nor howling winds
Nor griefs of earth disturb thy sweet repose;
All silent in the tomb, Death's icy arms
Encircling thee around, thou slumb'rest on;
And though thine eyes are closed in wakeless night,
And o'er thy marble breast thy pulseless arms
Are crossed in silence, still in memory's hall,
And in the hearts that lov'd thee while on earth,
Are treasured golden hours that will remain
Enshrin'd within the garden of our love
As long as stars shall nightly robe the skies
And fresh as grass that blooms above thy grave.
Tell me, my friend, what star in yonder sea
Of blue is now thy home? or are the stars
Too small to hold thy young and noble soul?
If thou wilt tell me where thy spirit dwells
(For well I know 'tis in some happy world),
When my wild spirit leaves its mystic cell,

There will it wing its flight and dwell with thee,
Revolving round an endless day of joy.
Before thou left this sphere thy path was bright—
As fair as flowers blooming in the Spring,
Bright as the rose-leaves in their April prime;
No shade of grief had fallen on thy brow,
But on it beam'd alone the star of hope,
And rosy pleasure tripp'd it by thy side.
So young to die! with fortune's gayest smile
Thy young life gilding with a golden hue
Thy pleasure's brightest path; it is the way
Of earthly hopes—the brightest are the first
To fade; the fairest flowers bloom to deck
The coronet of Spring, then pass away
Like shooting stars, as fleeting and as bright.
What sparkling hours of joy I've pass'd with thee!
What scenes of pleasure have we revel'd in!
As shades of night, when smiles the morning sun,
Retire to caves unknown to human thought,
Thus with my griefs when 'neath thy smile I bask'd;
As birds of Spring, with pinions newly fledg'd,
That soar in waves of light above the earth,

So I, amid the sunshine of thy thoughts
And smiles, forgot the ills whose sable clouds
Had shadow'd my young soul, and in a dream
Of purest joy we revel'd life away.
And now beneath this marble tomb, all cold
And still, hush'd in the pulseless sleep of death,
Thy form is chain'd; the music of the birds
Which charms this leafy grove wakes not thy soul,
Nor does the evening breeze which fans yon rose
Woo thy cold brow; the stars their streams of light
Pour on thy grave, and yonder silver moon
Reflects her borrow'd beams to jewel earth
Around thy quiet home; these beams are lost
To thee, but for thy sake I give them thanks,
For they have made this spot a fairy isle
Upon this brilliant eve; this eve I came,
Borne down with care, a pilgrim to thy tomb,
To dwell with thee in thought, and offer up
At friendship's shrine the sacrifice of love.
In realms of light thy spirit basks in bliss,
And dreams not of this sorrowing world of ours;
But I am here on life's dark billow borne,

A vessel toss'd on grief-emburden'd wave;
And glowing fancy pictures to my soul
That bright and sinless home where thou dost dwell;
And when the herald of the king of death
To worlds of bliss shall trumpet me away,
With thee enshrin'd our souls with purest joy
Will roam the fields of never-ending time.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

1879.

A thousand tears at midnight's solemn hour,
Ten thousand sighs were breath'd upon the air,
And dying shrieks escaped from lips of pain,
As many a soul its mortal exit made,
When, like a ship that sinks beneath the sea,
The year sunk in the ocean of the past,
Bearing lost treasures to the far unknown,
And leaving mourners at the new-built grave
To sing the requiem of the sleeping dead.

Ten thousands come, ten thousands go, nor time,
Nor storm will stop to shed a mournful tear
O'er misery's couch nor gilded palace hall;
But, like a victor on some battle field,
Still presses on, unmov'd by dying groans,
To gather laurels in the time to come,
And write a history with a nation's blood.

Cold as the snow robe worn by Mother Earth,
How many children shiver in the night,
Whilst wealthy mortals, wrapt in costly furs,
In lighted palace dance the hours away!
Or, in a varnish'd coach, hid from the storm,
Roll through the street, nor stop, nor pause, nor heed
The starving orphan's cry! like the wild wind
The coursers move apace, all heedless of
The poverty and rags that rustle in the breeze
And plead for bread to save a dying soul.
But when the night is pass'd and death has come,
The ragged little beggar girl will shine
As bright in yonder dome as princely queens
Who frowned upon her here.

Ye brilliant stars,

First music of the spheres, that sweetly sung
Creation's birth from your bright home of blue,
Smile on the houseless wanderer, as he toils
Through poverty and woe; give him the strength
To cast his thoughts above the sordid world
And seek a home in your emblazon'd skies,
Where charity in purest garments glows,
And gold can buy no mortal entrance there.

Long ages past a star in Orient clime
Gave notice to the shepherds of the plain
The birth of One whose mission was divine;
They found Him where He lay and worshipp'd Him—
The Prince-God, born divine of peace and love,
Who came to seek his own and to redeem
The world from sin and lift the mortal mind
To the true God announc'd from Sinai's brow;
As prophets wrote long ages ere He came,
He burst upon the world and cast His light
Before His Father's chosen race; they mock'd,
Revil'd and slandered Him, and would not have

Him for their King; this wondrous star of peace
That once appear'd o'er Palestina's plain,
Still shines as bright as when it first arose,
And like a lighthouse on some rocky isle,
Stands boldly forth to sentinel the way
For weary pilgrims toiling through life's sea.

Bright star, that still shines through your azure sea,
Whose silver beams, some eighteen centuries gone,
Gleam'd on the breast of Jordan's sacred stream,
Rain down thy light to guide the erring soul
Through all the battles of this weary life,
And crown it victor at the evening's close.
Frail mortal, in your manhood's giant strength,
Put on your armor, take your shield in hand—
With faith and truth and resolution arm'd,
Life's battle will be won and victory perch
Upon your brow in death; the waves of time
Will break in harmless surges at your feet,
And, like a Phœnix rising from her nest,
Eternal life will crown a victor's brow.

THE SOUTHERN DEAD.

Your bars are rob'd in shroud of night,
Your land is clothed in gloom,
Each soldier with his armor bright
Has met a glorious doom.
You've furl'd your banner to the foe,
Your warrior race is run,
Your mould'ring hearts will never know
The glory you have won.
Your silent forms are sleeping now
On Southern battle field,
And brightest fame with golden brow
Has bathed your bloody shield.
The hoary years may roll away
And centuries sink in night,
But time will give a brilliant ray
To Southern soldier's fight.
Although your flag was furl'd at last
On old Virginia's plain,
You wav'd it through each battle's blast
Without a spot or stain.

Though far from your lov'd native State
 In silence now you sleep,
The living shall your deeds relate,
 Your fame untarnish'd keep.
No storm can dim the glorious name
 You won on Malvern's brow,
But time will tell your radiant fame
 Till worlds in ruins bow.
On Chickamauga's bloody plain
 You sleep in endless night,
But glory with her golden chain
 Will keep your honor bright.
Stone-river's tide will ever tell
 The victory that you won,
And Chickamauga's cannons swell
 The dauntless deeds you done.
The Southern sun with golden ray
 Shall gild your woodland tomb,
And smiling moon at close of day
 Shall light each warrior's gloom.
Kentucky's sons now peaceful sleep
 In Georgie's golden breast,

And million hearts their vigils keep
To shield their quiet rest.
On many a lonely battle field
Your pulseless forms repose,
The virgin grass your only shield,
Your tomb the forest rose.
The soldiers from the land of flowers
On Mission Ridge now sleep,
And glory in her sacred bowers,
Her sentry watches keep.
Nor time, nor years, nor winter's blast,
Can dim your deeds of fame,
Upon war's pillar have your cast
A gold-enduring name.
Then sleep in peace ye Southern brave,
No woes disturb your breast,
You stack'd your arms at glory's grave
And found a hero's rest.

FAREWELL.

Upon the steamer's deck I stand,
My brow fann'd by the gale,
And swift we leave the fading land
As eagles leave the snail.
Alone upon the ocean now,
The white sails kiss the wind;
A shadow rests upon my brow,
A pang within my mind.
A thought of dear ones left at home,
And of my favorite maid,
And mirror'd there in ocean foam
I see each lovely shade.
I gaze upon the starry sky,
Wreath'd with a gentle smile,
And wonder if a single sigh
Is breath'd for me the while.
If she whose sparkling eyes so oft
Have lull'd my bosom's pain,
Now with her glances kind and soft
Beam on some other swain.

The thought a madden'd aching brings—
I spurn her from my mind;
I'll love alone the gale that sings
The wild songs of the wind.
Upon the main my bark and I
Alone will wedded be;
On stranger land, 'neath stranger sky,
Let strangers smile on me.
The mock'd me when my rhymes I read,
They gave to me no cheer;
To pity now my soul is dead,
For them I'll shed no tear.
Should bay leaves crown my humble brow
Before life fades away,
At genius' shrine they'll fawning bow
And praise the poet's lay.
That land I'll love where strangers give
A welcome to the bard,
My own shall not in memory live,
Nor claim my kind regard.
Across the foaming-crested wave
My gallant bark speeds fast,

Her bow the loving waters lave,
And creak the swaying mast.
With Arab on the sandy plain,
Or maid in olive grove,
On classic land, or classic main,
Where'er my footsteps rove,—
'Tis there I'll make my home the while
And love the stranger maid,
Bask only 'neath her loving smile
In blest Arcadian shade.
Adieu! the land I lov'd in youth,
I hate you in my prime;
I do not fear to write the truth
Upon the stream of time;
For now a wanderer forth I go,
No stated land in view,
Whether where Tiber's waters flow,
'Neath skies of softest blue;
Or where Cercasia's beauteous maid,
Her bright eyes beaming love;
Or Cashmere girl in lovely shade
Enchants the classic grove—

No matter now, the world and I
Are strangers from this date;
In youth I gave the world a sigh,
And now I give it hate.







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